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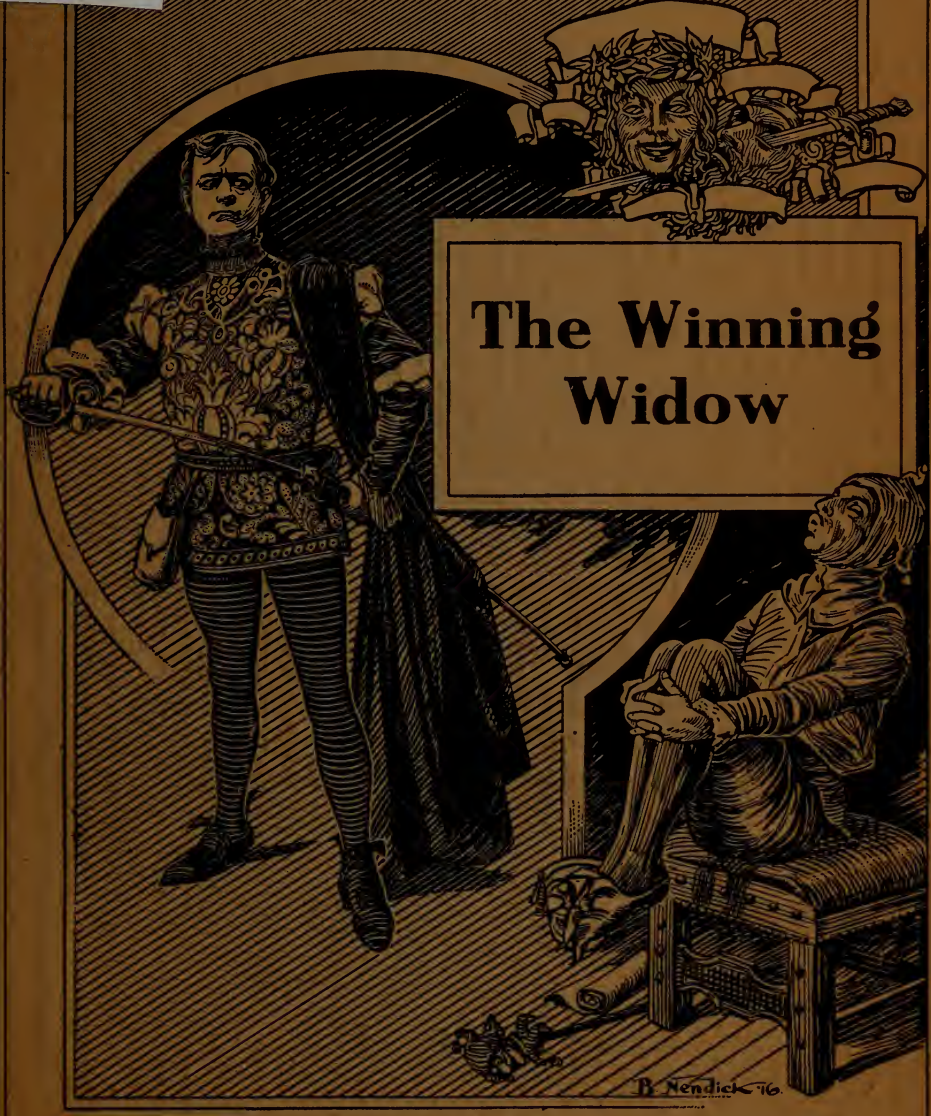

The Winning Widow

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THE WINNING WIDOW

A PARLOR COMEDY

IN TWO ACTS

BY

EDITH F. A. U. PAINTON

AUTHOR OF

"A Prairie Rose," "A Burns Rebellion," "As A Woman Thinketh," "The Class Ship," "The Graduate's Choice," "Hypnotizing a Hypnotist," "The Laughing Cure," "Clubbing a Husband," "Wanted: a Cook," "The Commencement Manual," Etc.

CHICAGO

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

D19161

PS3531
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1916

THE WINNING WIDOW

CHARACTERS.

As originally produced by the graduating class of the Brownsville, Pennsylvania, High School, June 11, 1914.

REGINALD WRIGHT, *of the Philadelphia Wrights*
.....*Howard Raymond Patterson*

HARRY DEANE, *of Boston, Cousin of Bess*.....
.....*Jesse Coldren*

MRS. ELIZABETH SNOWDEN, *A Wealthy Widow*.....
.....*Ann Snowdon Jacobs*

MARGARET SNOWDEN, *her elder and dignified Daughter*
.....*Kathryn Elizabeth De Laney*

KITTY SNOWDEN, *her younger and mischievous Daughter*
.....*Hazel Emmeline Ross*

BESS WARNER, *known as* BESS JONES, *the Maid*.....
.....*Helen Rebecca Meese*

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Morning. Mrs. Snowden's Drawing Room. The Situation.

ACT II. Evening. Same Room. The Culmination.

TIME—*The Present.*

PLACE—*Any Large City.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About One and One-half Hours.*

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OCT 18 1916

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Snowden, a fair widow, with two grown daughters, living at ease upon a fortune recently restored to her at the death of a defrauding relative, poses as a man-hater, through an unhappy matrimonial experience, and represents herself as having but one aim in life—that of protecting her daughters against the fortune-hunting male. At the opening of the play, each of the girls secretly solicits the assistance of the maid, Bess—who has "seen better days"—in arranging a clandestine meeting with two young men they have accidentally met the previous evening, each very anxious to keep the affair from the knowledge of the other, as well as of the mother. When the young men call, according to arrangement, they are entertained by the mother to the exclusion of both daughters, although one of them is surprised to discover in Bess, the maid, his long-sought cousin and former fiance. The young men's notes to the widow are delivered through the maid's mistake to the daughters, and the complications increase until a quarrel between the two men leads to a revelation of the relationship existing between the one and the maid. Through this the maid is discovered to be the former heiress of the property inherited by Mrs. Snowden, and legally entitled to half of the estate. To the chagrin of the elder daughter, the young man solicits the hand of Widow, and all agree to "live happy ever after."

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

Act I—Kitty and Margaret take turns at confidences. Harry and Bess are mutually surprised. "I forbid you to know one thing!" Mrs. Snowden knows the Cuthbert Deanes and the Philadelphia Wrights, but Kitty and Margaret are left in the cold, as daughters who "do not like men." Bess receives a third confidence, but by her blunders in the delivery of her notes precipitates considerable mis-

understanding on the part of all concerned. "What can she mean?"

Act II—Kitty prepares for a call, but is forestalled by Margaret, who in turn gives place to the Widow, who plays a lone hand. Elizabeth is shocked and worried over unexpected developments in the conduct of her man-hating daughters, but is relieved, in spite of her chagrin, to learn that she herself was really the guilty one. Bess determines to make no more mistakes, but the girls are surprised by the coolness of their suitors. "Don't let Mamma see you!" Harry and Reginald have an encounter, but Bess prevents too violent a climax and brings about a disclosure. "He is my cousin." "Have I not also found my wife?" Reginald follows suit by stating his claim and making a high bid for favor. "Mamma does not like men." The girls propose terms of surrender, and finally give their consent and blessing. "Come, my dear!"

COSTUMES.

Act I. Ladies wear elegant house dresses. Gentlemen, up-to-date business suits.

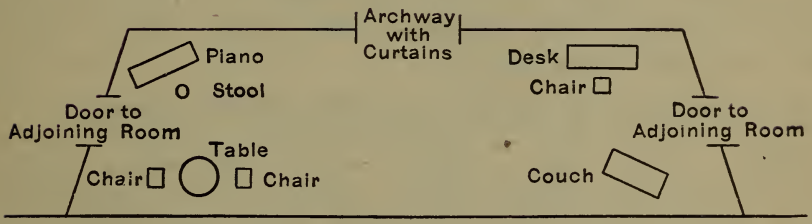
Act II. Evening dress with the exception of Bess, who wears cap and apron throughout.

PROPERTIES.

Act I—Piano, stool, music, etc., for Kitty. Duster for Bess. Card for Harry. Card, books, watch, etc., for Reginald. Fan for Elizabeth. Letter for Margaret. Two notes for Bess.

Act II—Rouge, eyebrow pencil, etc., for Kitty. Chatelaine vanity box, mirror, paper, pen, ink, etc., for Margaret. Watch for Elizabeth. Handkerchief, etc., for Harry.

SCENE PLOT.



STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; upstage, away from footlights; downstage, near footlights. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

THE WINNING WIDOW

Act I.

Scene: *Drawing room at* Mrs. Snowden's *home. Practical doors at R. and L. Lady's writing desk and chair at back, left of C. Small table with books, lamp, etc., R. C. downstage. Chairs either side of table. Couch L. C. downstage. Other arrangements to suit taste. An air of elegance pervades everything.*

At rise Kitty *is discovered, practicing at piano.*

Kitty. One — two — three — four; one—two — three—four; one—two—three—four. The idea of beginning to learn music at my age—especially when you haven't a bit of it in you. One—two—three—four.

Enter Bess *R. Walks up behind her.*

Bess. Did you want me to—

Kitty (*jumping up, screaming*). O-o-o-h! Goodness! How you startled me, Bess. What do you want?

Bess (*timidly*). Why—why—nothing. I just wanted to dust the parlor, if you wanted—

Kitty. Excellent, Bess; excellent. I'll be delighted to have you dust. (*Closes piano with a bang.*) I was only trying to please mamma by learning how to pound the piano. She does love music so, you know. (*Walks toward R. looking toward* Bess *hesitatingly, as though wanting to speak, but uncertain how to proceed.*)

Bess (*looking over shoulder*). Was that music, Miss Kitty?

Kitty. Oh, no, no, no! Never a note of it. That was just downright noise, pure and unadulterated. But mamma fondly hopes it may grow into music some day. And so it's one—two—three—four; one—two—three—four, for me.

Bess. You seem to hurry the *tempo*—

KITTY. Hurry the what? (*Eyes* BESS *curiously.*) What do you know about—

BESS (*in confusion*). Not a thing in the world, Miss Kitty. I just—just—seemed to remember hearing somebody somewhere say something like—

KITTY (*unsuspiciously*). I see. (*Sits.*) Bess, it's a terrible thing when people suddenly become rich.

BESS (*busily dusting*). But, oh, Miss Kitty, it's a much more terrible thing when people suddenly become poor!

KITTY. I don't know anything about that, of course. I was poor all my life, you see, and didn't know anything else.

BESS. And I was rich all my life and didn't know anything else.

KITTY (*with faint interest*). Were you, really? Poor you. But, Bess, I'd change places with you if I could. You ask why?

BESS (*pausing and looking at* KITTY *innocently*). No, I didn't, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Oh, but you *must* ask why. Otherwise I shouldn't have the least sign of an excuse for telling you. And I must tell somebody.

BESS. Tell away, Miss Kitty.

KITTY (*eagerly*). You do ask why, then.

BESS (*indifferently*). I'm just crazy to know.

KITTY. There! Now you're getting almost human, and I like you.

BESS (*turning and bowing*). Thank you, Miss Kitty. (*Returns to work.*)

KITTY. But listen.

BESS (*over shoulder*). I am listening.

KITTY. But sit down. I can't talk to you decently when you act that way.

BESS (*turning in amazement*). Sit down? Me? Here?

KITTY. Sit down! You! There! (*Points to chair.* BESS *sits, slowly and reluctantly.*) That's more sociable. Now listen. Mamma is so fond of music she keeps me drumming, drumming, drumming all day—trying to learn what I know I never can learn in the wide, wide world.

BESS (*with interest*). Yes. (*Looks nervously at doors.*)

KITTY. But that's not the worst of it. Ever since mamma's been a widow, she's bound that Margaret and I shall be just the same—

BESS. Be widows?

KITTY. Oh, no, no, no! What am I saying? Be single old maids—bachelor ladies—spinsterettes, you know. She—she—well, you see, she wasn't very happy as a married woman, so she—she—(*Rises, goes C. D., looks out cautiously*) she—well, she fairly hates men of every size and shape, and has made up her mind that we, too, shall hate them—hate them so much that we shall have nothing whatever to do with any of them—"so long as we both shall live." (*Walks back.*) Do you see? (*Sits.*)

BESS. Hate men, Miss Kitty? And *do* you?

KITTY. Not me! That's the *it* of it. Why should I?

BESS. And Miss Margaret?

KITTY. Margaret? Humph! She's a girl after mamma's own heart. She hates every mother's son of them as one hates fuzzy-wuzzy worms—ugh—and poison things, and—er—things like that. (*Rises again, walks L. entrance, looking out and listening cautiously.*) But now, Bess, listen!

BESS. Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY (*walking back to* BESS). I'm afraid I—I—I rather like men myself.

BESS. Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Don't you?

BESS. Why—er—er—yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Especially—especially—(*walks R. entrance and looks off, then walks back, speaking loud whisper*). Bess!

BESS (*looks up startled*). Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. I—I—I—I want to tell you—something.

BESS. Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. I—I—I—you won't tell anybody?

BESS. Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. What? Oh, but you mustn't!

BESS. I—I—mean no, Miss Kitty.

Enter MARGARET *R. She looks around anxiously. Girls*

jump up, BESS *pretending to dust and* KITTY *looking over music on piano eagerly, then speaking over shoulder.*

KITTY. Did you want something, Margaret?

MARGARET (*looking at* BESS *with troubled eye*). No, I guess not. (*Exits R., slowly, still looking from one to the other as if worried.* KITTY *follows her to entrance and watches her out.*)

KITTY (*returning to chair*). Bess, come here.

BESS (*returning to place*). Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Sit down again.

BESS (*nervously, looking all around*). Had I better? (KITTY *motions to her imperatively and she sits obediently.*) Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. I have to tell you all this, you see, because—because—I want you to help me.

BESS (*rising in astonishment*). Me? (KITTY *nods.*) Help you? (KITTY *nods.*) Help you what? Like the men?

KITTY (*walks L.*). Oh, no, no! I don't need any help that way, Bess. This is a much more serious matter. I—I—come here. (BESS *follows.*) Sit down. (*They sit sofa L.*) I want to tell you something.

BESS. So you said, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Listen.

BESS. So I do, Miss Kitty.

Enter MARGARET, *C., looking around as before.* KITTY *runs to music,* BESS *to dusting.* MARGARET *looks from one to the other, puzzled.*

MARGARET. What are you doing here, Kitty?

KITTY. Just trying to find a sheet of music. Why?

MARGARET (*in confusion*). Oh, nothing. I just—

KITTY. Did you want me?

MARGARET. Why, of course not. (*Looks at* BESS.) How long before you will be through here, Bess?

BESS. Me? Oh, not long, Miss Margaret. (*Looks at* KITTY, *who shakes head at her warningly.*) I—I—I—don't just know how long, Miss Margaret. (KITTY *nods approval*

at her behind MARGARET'S *back.*) Why? Did you want me?

MARGARET. I—I—I guess not. (*Exits R., slowly.* KITTY *watches her off, follows to entrance, then returns to sofa.*)

KITTY. We'll try it again, Bess.

BESS (*coming to her*). Yes, Miss Kitty.

KITTY. Now sit down and listen. Listen fast.

BESS (*sits*). I am, Miss Kitty. Fast as a racing-horse.

KITTY. Well, last night when I went to take my music lesson, you know—(BESS *nods*) oh, it's just too romantic! I met a man—a young man—oh, he was too handsome!

BESS. Did you, Miss Kitty—and was he?

KITTY. I did, and he was! I liked him so much! And I just think he liked me, too.

BESS. Did he, Miss Kitty?

KITTY. Anyway, he said he did.

BESS. Then, of course, he did.

KITTY. Just what I thought, Bess. And he—he—he wanted to call.

BESS (*rises in surprise*). To call? Not here?

KITTY. Yes, here! Wasn't it too beautifully brave and bold and daring of him? Do sit down, Bess.

BESS (*sitting*). Yes, Miss Kitty. (*Looks worried.*)

KITTY. Of course I told him just how mamma felt, and what she wanted us to do, and—and—oh, we thought of just the loveliest plan. He's coming to see mamma.

BESS (*jumping up again*). Your mother?

KITTY. Yes, mamma herself. Isn't it too delicious? Sit down, Bess.

BESS (*sitting, troubled*). But, Miss Kitty—

KITTY. Oh, we've thought of all the "buts" and it's going to be just too perfectly darling and romantic! He's coming as a—a—piano tuner.

BESS (*jumping up*). A piano tuner?

KITTY. Yes,—mamma's too suspicious of music teachers, you know, so that wouldn't work. But isn't it lovely? Sit down, Bess. (BESS *sits, sighs.*) He thought of it all him-

self, too. Mamma likes music so (*rising to pantomime*) she'll surely let him come right in, and you must open the door for him (*illustrates*) and send for me, you see (*points to self*), and—(*bows low, hands outspread*)—thus we meet. Isn't it a perfectly beautiful plan? (*Dances to R.*)

BESS (*troubled*). I—guess—so. (BESS *rises uncertainly.*)

KITTY. Why, of course it is—just heavenly! (*Walks back to* BESS.) But, remember, Bess. Not one word to Margaret, nor to—to—anybody. You mustn't even think it to yourself. You mustn't know a thing.

BESS. I won't. I never do.

KITTY. Margaret's just as bad as mamma, you know, if not worse, and if she should find out—(*sighs*)—it would be all up with little Kitty.

Enter MARGARET, *L.*

MARGARET. Kitty! (KITTY *and* BESS *separate as before.* KITTY *sits stool.*)

KITTY (*whirling around on stool*). Goodness, Margaret, how you startle one.

MARGARET (*haughtily*). Evidently. (*Walks R.*) Mamma wants you.

KITTY. Did she say so?

MARGARET. What a question! Certainly.

KITTY. What for?

MARGARET. How should I know? Something about your music, I suppose. The best way I know of finding out is to—

KITTY (*rising*). Yes?

MARGARET (*turning from her to watch* BESS, *nervously*). Go and see.

KITTY (*mockingly*). How brilliant of you, Margaret, to have figured all that out for yourself! I *will* go and *see* at once. (*Exits R. At entrance looks back and shakes head at* BESS, *with finger on lip.* BESS *shakes head reassuringly.*)

MARGARET (*turning from table, where she has been fingering magazines idly*). I thought she was going to hang

around here all day. (*Walks up behind* BESS, *speaks mysteriously.*) I wanted to talk to you, Bess.

BESS (*turning in surprise*). To talk to me, Miss Margaret?

MARGARET. Yes. I--I—I have something very important to say to you.

BESS. Yes, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET (*cautiously*). You know—I am sure you must have heard—how badly mamma hates men? (*They walk down front.*)

BESS. Yes, I believe I have heard something about it, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET. And how she won't permit either of us girls to even speak to one of them, if—if—if—she knows it?

BESS. Why, I—I—I've heard something like that, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET. Now as for Kitty—my sister, you know—somehow she's just as bad, and I wouldn't have her know about this for the world. (*Walks L. D., looking out cautiously, then back.*) But I—I—well, I don't feel just exactly the way they do, and I can't make myself do it. You see, I just somehow feel that these dreadful men may be a—a—a sort of necessary evil, don't you know, which can't be cured, and so must be endured. You understand?

BESS. I—I think so, Miss Margaret. You like them?

MARGARET (*hastily*). Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say that, Bess. I—just try to tolerate them, you know, for humanitarian ends.

BESS. I see.

MARGARET. Good. Now, to come to the point. When I was at the library last evening, I met a young man who seemed very attractive, and intelligent, and really a most agreeable sort of a person. I must admit that I was quite —er—er—attracted by him. You understand?

BESS. I—I—think so, Miss Margaret. You were smitten by him. Struck! Mashed!

MARGARET. Oh, no, no! Not so far as that, Bess. But —he wanted to call.

BESS (*shocked*). He did? Here? Why, the audacious—

MARGARET (*walks uneasily R. D., looks out cautiously, then walks back to* BESS). Oh, not at all, Bess. Not at all. I thought it was very kind of him. He was so intellectual, so cultured, such a student—recently from Boston, you know—and you've seen how anxious mamma is for me to improve my mind and learn to write poetry?

BESS. Why, er—yes, Miss Margaret.

MARGARET. Well, just you listen. This young man is a poet—a real poet—there is no question about that. When I told him how mamma and Kitty felt—about men, you know—and how they both wanted me to feel, he proposed the most romantic plan.

BESS. Romantic?

MARGARET. Yes, indeed. No one but a real, true poet could have thought of it. (*Walks uneasily C., peering out between curtains, then back, speaking mysteriously.*) He is going to come to call on mamma.

BESS. On your mother? (MARGARET *nods.*) Mrs. Snowden?

MARGARET. Why not? And what do you think? (*Looks all around cautiously, then speaks again, mysteriously.*) He's coming as a book agent.

BESS. A book agent?

MARGARET (*warningly*). 'Sh! Not so loud. Yes, you know how mamma likes books of all kinds—especially poetry. (BESS *nods.*) And he's coming to sell her some of the latest editions of the poets. Won't it be glorious?

BESS. I—I—guess so.

MARGARET. *Guess* so? Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face. (BESS *feels of nose. Wears puzzled expression.*) In that way he'll get in without any trouble, and you must take his card and come right for me. Do you see?

BESS. Yes, Miss Margaret. When he comes to tune the piano—

MARGARET. No, no! I didn't say a word about the piano! I said—

BESS (*in embarrassment, recovering herself*). Oh, yes—

to sell books—poetry—I am to get you, instead of your mother.

MARGARET. That's it. Me—not mamma. And for your life, Bess, don't let Kitty know.

BESS. Why, but she—(*catching herself*)—no, no! I'll not let her know.

MARGARET. I must run up now and fix my hair again. I don't know just when he may come, but I don't think he will be very late in getting around. Be careful, Bess, and remember not to say a single word to anyone. I'm going to give you something elegant for standing by me in this.

BESS. Thank you, Miss Margaret. (*Exit* MARGARET, *C.*) My! Even the haughty Margaret can bend a little, can she—when she has an ax to grind. And to poor, insignificant Bess, too—the serving maid! If she only knew how short a time ago I was as wealthy and as popular and as attractive as she herself is now—that I, too, was sought after by men of position and attainment—that I, too, liked the men—a little—and felt that some of them, at least, liked me, she might—but what's the use? It takes a mere turn of fortune's wheel to pull even the highest down from his lofty position. Only a bit of lawyer-trusting, and here I am, serving for my daily bread. And who is enjoying the benefit of my loss, I do not even know. I thought father's wealth was secure and my future assured; but when he died I—saw it all swept away in the mere scratching of a pen, the old home sold, the family treasures scattered to the four winds of wealthdom, and found myself—reduced to—this! A widow whose husband had, they claimed, been defrauded by my father, is now enjoying the recompense. I am glad I kept the papers. They may be of use to me some time, in some way. I suppose it's all just. but—(*bell rings*)—hello! One of the impatient suitors, I suppose. (*Exits L.*)

Re-enter BESS, *immediately, followed by* HARRY. *It must be evident that* BESS *recognizes* HARRY, *but doesn't wish him to recognize her.*

BESS. Right this way, sir. I'll take your card to Mrs. Snowden.

HARRY (*detaining her*). No, no! To *Miss* Snowden—Miss Kitty Snowden.

BESS (*keeping face averted, speaking in low tone*). Why—I—understood—

HARRY (*confidentially and significantly*). I came to tune the piano, and—

BESS (*turning face a little off guard*). Yes, but Miss Kitty said—

HARRY (*in amazement*). Bess, is this you?

BESS. I begin to doubt it, Harry. (*They shake hands silently.*)

HARRY. Why have you hidden yourself away like this? I have looked for you for months. Indeed, the whole family—

BESS (*drawing away from him*). The family? Humph! What's the good of a family when one's money is all gone? (*Turns back on him, walks L.*)

HARRY (*following, laying hand on her shoulder*). But, Bess—

BESS. Every one turned from me.

HARRY. It was you who turned from *us.*

BESS. Humph!

HARRY. Am I not your cousin?

BESS. The law says so.

HARRY. Am I not your friend?

BESS. I thought so—once.

HARRY. Then think so again, for I assure you, Bess, on my honor as a man, and a Deane, that I've never changed in the smallest particular. Let me tell your uncle—

BESS (*emphatically stamping foot*). No!

HARRY (*dodging as though struck*). But—

BESS. You will tell *no* one, Harry Deane!

HARRY. But listen, Bess. I must—

BESS. No one, I say! I am Bess Jones, the maid. No one but Bess Jones, the maid! I never have been anybody else; I never will be anybody else! Do you understand?

HARRY. Y-e-s.

BESS (*stamping foot again*). I forbid you to know one thing!

HARRY (*trembling and dodging in mock alarm*). Y-e-s.

BESS. You came to see Mrs. Snowden. I—Bess Jones, the maid—will go and get Mrs. Snowden. (*Starts L.*)

HARRY. I say, Bess, it was Miss Kitty—

BESS. Very well, I'll call Kitty. (*Over shoulder.*) Better sit down. (*Exits L. At door meets* ELIZABETH, *who is entering. Hands* HARRY'S *card to* ELIZABETH, *turns and bows to him.*) Mrs. Snowden, sir.

HARRY (*aside*). Can this really be her mother?

ELIZABETH. Bess, what does this mean?

BESS (*embarrassed*). It means—it means—

HARRY (*aside, admiringly*). By George! What a beauty she is!

ELIZABETH (*sternly*). Who is this man?

BESS. It's—it's—(*looks at him helplessly*).

HARRY (*coming forward, speaks very obsequiously*). My name is Deane. (ELIZABETH *looks at card in hand and nods.*) I came, if you please, madam, to see about tuning your piano.

ELIZABETH (*relieved*). I see. (*Walks toward piano, then speaks over shoulder.*) You may go, Bess. (*Exit* BESS, *R.*) It doesn't seem in very good condition.

HARRY (*following*). It's a Steinway, isn't it?

ELIZABETH (*aside*). What a handsome fellow he is. If all men were so attractive—(*aloud*). Yes, it's a Steinway.

HARRY. You play, of course.

ELIZABETH. No. None of us except my daughter and she has only begun to learn. Hitherto a very busy life along other lines has—

Enter KITTY, *R., hastily, with worried air.*

KITTY. Did you call me, mamma?

ELIZABETH (*displeased*). Did I call you, child? Certainly not. What do you mean? Go upstairs to your duties.

KITTY (*looking at* HARRY *with troubled eye. He avoids her look*). But, mamma, I—

ELIZABETH. Go at once, I tell you. (*She looks fixedly at* KITTY, *who at first lingers, but is finally compelled to leave.*) That was my little girl, Mr.—Mr.—Deane, did you say?

HARRY. Yes, Mrs.—(*hesitates, inquiringly*).

ELIZABETH. Snowden.

HARRY. Snowden. Thank you. Deane is my name. Harry Deane.

ELIZABETH (*very sweetly*). Won't you sit down? (*They sit, she on sofa, he on chair by table.*) I used to know some Deanes near Boston—the Cuthbert Deanes. Are you related to the family?

HARRY. Distantly.

ELIZABETH. They are very cultured people, I am sure. You resemble them slightly, I think, about the nose and eyes—perhaps the chin, also, a little, and the lips. (*Coquettishly.*) Cuthbert Deane was a very handsome man.

HARRY (*visibly flattered*). So I have heard, Mrs. Snowden. You flatter me.

ELIZABETH. Oh, not at all; not at all. I only try to give credit where I see that credit is due.

Enter KITTY, *C.*

KITTY. Mamma, don't you think I'd better—(ELIZABETH *rises commandingly*).

HARRY (*aside*). I do wonder where Bess is. This sort of thing is all right, once in awhile, but it gets too much of a good thing—

ELIZABETH (*after vainly trying to overawe* KITTY *with her gaze*). Kitty, can't you see that I'm engaged?

KITTY (*looking from one to the other, questioningly*). Engaged?

HARRY (*aside*). Gee! I wish she was. (*Uneasily.*) Why doesn't Bess come back?

ELIZABETH. Busy, I mean.

KITTY (*relieved*). Oh, I—I—I didn't notice.

ELIZABETH. Why, where are your eyes, child? And your manners?

KITTY (*trying in vain to catch* HARRY'S *eye*). I—I—don't know. But you see, mamma, I thought, as it was my practice hour, and you never let me neglect it—

ELIZABETH. I will call you when the room is free. Till then I must insist that you leave us alone.

KITTY. Very well, mamma. But if I don't have my lesson—

ELIZABETH (*sternly*). Katherine!

KITTY. Yes, mamma. (KITTY *goes to C. D. and* ELIZABETH *returns to chair.* KITTY *tries to catch* HARRY'S *eye in vain. Clears throat, coughs, etc., but he is too busy admiring* ELIZABETH. *She sighs, shakes head and exits C.*)

ELIZABETH (*sits*). As I was saying, the Deanes near Boston were always very close friends of our family, and Cuthbert Deane, especially, was rather intimate with my poor, dear husband as long as he lived. Since he left me—(*weeps*)—I—I—I—haven't—

HARRY (*rising and walking to her*). Oh, come now, Mrs. Snowden. You mustn't take on in this way, you really mustn't, you know. I can't bear to see a woman cry; I really can't. It—it—it—why, it just breaks me all up in business, it really does. I—I—(*aside*)—hang it all, what in the world shall I say? (*Sits by her.*) I—I know, Mrs. Snowden, that a widow's grief must naturally be very great, but still it cannot be altogether inconsolable. There is always a ray of hope somewhere, surely—a faint gleam of promise in the heavens—

ELIZABETH (*sobbing*). I can't—see—any.

HARRY. Why, look at me. Am I not here? And am I not a Deane? As a Deane, then, can I not be your—your—your friend? And as a friend may I not have some right to—to—to—comfort you in your affliction, and—and—how does it go?—visit your fatherless children in their loneliness?

ELIZABETH. My girls do not—do not—like men.

HARRY. But you, Mrs. Snowden? Surely you, so young

and charming, and yet so lonely—surely you do not banish us poor fellows from the sunshine of your approval? (*Aside.*) By Jove! What a mess I'm getting myself into, just for a chance to get another word with Bess. (*Aloud.*) Surely you—

ELIZABETH. I? Oh, no! I realize that a woman needs the stronger arm of a masculine friend to lean on, but—well, as I said, my girls are very bitter against the whole sex. If I had a friend who was at the same time a man, I should never dare to let them know.

HARRY. Surely not. Why should they know? That would be just between you and—and me. (*Takes her hand. Bell rings off L. She rises and backs away. He picks up hat as about to go.*)

Enter BESS, *L., followed by* REGINALD. *She is evidently at a loss what to do.*

BESS. Come right in this way, sir.

HARRY (*aside*). Can't I manage a word with Bess? (*Aloud.*) I must go, then, Mrs. Snowden. But may I call again—when?

ELIZABETH (*extending hand, speaks aside*). Tonight.

HARRY (*bowing low over her hand, aside*). At eight. (*Crosses to L. D.* ELIZABETH *follows as far as* REGINALD, *then pauses, turns and looks at* BESS, *inquiringly.*)

BESS (*uneasily*). A gentleman to see you, Mrs. Snowden.

ELIZABETH (*coldly*). Yes? I hope you told him—

BESS. I—I—(*watches* HARRY *over shoulder, who has been trying to catch her eye. He signs to her behind* ELIZABETH'S *back, but she shakes her head emphatically. He sighs and exits.*)

REGINALD. Pardon me, madam—Mrs. Snowden, I understand. (*She bows.*) I can hardly believe my ears, madam, for I thought you too young to think of being "Mrs." yet—but (*sighs impressively*) I have been informed that you are a lady of exceptional literary taste, and I have therefore ventured to bring for your inspection our latest

edition de luxe of the Cambridge classics. Your fame as a critic has been so extended that I—

ELIZABETH (*stopping him by wave of hand and turning to* BESS). You may go, Bess.

BESS. Yes, Mrs. Snowden. (*Crosses to R. At R. looks back, troubled, and speaks aside.*) I hope the young ladies haven't been getting themselves into any trouble. And Harry, too. Surely he's had time to get away by now. (*Exits R.*)

ELIZABETH. Won't you sit down, sir?

REGINALD (*sits chair*). Delighted, I'm sure. (*Takes card from pocket.*) My name, as you see, is Wright—Reginald Wright—and I am proud to make your acquaintance. From what I have heard of your culture, taste and mature judgment, I was expecting to find a lady of advanced years. You will pardon me, I am sure, for saying that it has quite taken my breath away to find you so young and lovely. I hope—er—er—I mean to say—is your husband at home?

ELIZABETH (*weeping*). My husband—poor, dear man—is in heaven!

REGINALD. Heaven—without you? Impossible! Forgive me for stirring up these delicate emotions, my dear lady. Forgive me, if you can, and do not, I beg of you, think of me as being utterly devoid of sympathy—and understanding. Perhaps I may have sometime heard you spoken of as a widow, but if so, seeing you so youthful and charming, I naturally forgot all about it. Widowhood is a sad affliction—a most grievous affliction.

ELIZABETH (*sobbing*). Oh, it is, it is!

REGINALD. But permit me to say that it has its alleviations.

ELIZABETH. Alleviations?

REGINALD. Certainly.

ELIZABETH. Oh, tell me—tell me truly—where could a poor lone widow find them?

REGINALD. Why, in her own beauty and grace and charm. Surely no woman could mourn forever over a cold, unresponsive grave—

ELIZABETH. Grave? (*Remembering.*) Oh, yes.

REGINALD. When her garments become her so perfectly as this elegant black does you.

ELIZABETH (*over fan*). Oh, sir, I fear you are a flatterer!

REGINALD. Flatterer? Never! I'm a poet.

ELIZABETH. Poet? Ah! *Are* you? I adore poets.

REGINALD. You do? Happy fellows! Then may I not—

Enter MARGARET, *R.*

MARGARET. Mamma, did you want me?

ELIZABETH. Want you? Why, no; certainly not. Why should I?

MARGARET. But Bess said—(*looks at* REGINALD *with longing eyes, but he avoids her gaze*). I understood—

ELIZABETH (*coldly*). Bess must have been mistaken, Margaret. I had not even thought of you.

MARGARET. But, mamma—

ELIZABETH. That will do, Margaret. Can't you see that I am busy?

MARGARET. Yes, but—

ELIZABETH (*rises*). Margaret! (*Watches until* MARGARET *exits at R.* MARGARET *looks back over shoulder, but meeting her mother's eye, exits with a dignified sweep.*) I cannot see what is the matter with that child. (*Returns to chair.*)

REGINALD (*pretending amazement*). Surely, Mrs. Snowden, you do not mean that you have a daughter as old as that young lady.

ELIZABETH. Why, certainly.

REGINALD. A step-daughter, then, surely.

ELIZABETH. Nothing of the sort. My own daughter, I assure you.

REGINALD (*gazing admiringly at her*). I cannot believe it.

ELIZABETH (*playfully*). Why will you flatter an old, old woman?

REGINALD (*jumping up, looking all around*). Where is she?

ELIZABETH. Who?

REGINALD. Why, the "old, old woman" you spoke of.

ELIZABETH (*slapping him with fan*). Be good.

REGINALD (*humbly*). I'll try.

ELIZABETH. But you were speaking of a book.

REGINALD. Indeed, yes. Do let me show it to you. (*They sit sofa, looking at book.*) See, here we have the Brownings—wasn't theirs an ideal love?—and Burns, and Byron—such lovers!—and Tennyson, and Shelley, all poets of the tender passion—

ELIZABETH (*archly*). They say all poets make good lovers.

MARGARET *comes to C. D., looks in, very worried expression.*

REGINALD. I would certainly like the opportunity of proving it to you.

MARGARET (*anxiously*). Mamma!

ELIZABETH (*springing up*). Margaret! (MARGARET *withdraws slowly.*) My daughters, Mr. Wright, do not like men. They have a very strong and unaccountable aversion to all the masculine creation.

REGINALD (*catching her hand*). But you—you—surely do not share it?

ELIZABETH. I? Oh, no, indeed! But I dare not let them know. Why, they—they would disinherit me!

REGINALD. Unkind daughters. But you would find plenty of friends to—to—*in*herit you again, quickly enough. (*Looks watch.*) I must go. I really must. I did not realize how long I had been away from the office. You have tempted me, beautiful lady, with glimpses of Paradise. And—you will let me come again? (*She nods.*) Tonight?

ELIZABETH (*extending hand*). Yes, at eight.

REGINALD (*bowing low over her hand*). You are too good to me. I cannot thank you sufficiently. I—I—I will come tonight. (*Exits L., bowing elaborately.*)

ELIZABETH. Tonight—at eight. And I—why, I told Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—(*looks card*). Oh, yes, Mr. *Deane,* to come at the very same hour. How very thoughtless of me!

But, to save my soul, I cannot tell which I prefer. They are both so very fascinating—far more endurable than the average male creature. But, oh, dear! I must never, never let the girls know. What *would* they say? What would they *do?* I, who have been such a confirmed man-hater, to become so attracted to two different ones in the same day. It is inconceivable. Why, I can't even believe it of myself.

Enter BESS, *R.*

BESS (*looking all around room*). Are you—a—a—alone, Mrs. Snowden?

ELIZABETH (*impatiently*). Can't you see?

BESS (*mystified*). But—(*hesitates, mysteriously*).

ELIZABETH. Well?

BESS. Miss Margaret and Miss Kitty—(*hesitates*).

ELIZABETH (*quickly*). What about them?

BESS. Why, they—they—nothing!

ELIZABETH. Certainly, "much ado about nothing." (*Suspiciously*). What have they been saying about me?

BESS (*surprised*). Not a thing.

ELIZABETH (*relieved*). Of course not. I knew they hadn't. What should they say? What *could* they say? How ridiculous! (BESS *starts R.,* ELIZABETH *L. Then* ELIZABETH *turns.*) Oh, Bess! (BESS *turns.*) You are a good girl, Bess.

BESS (*bows*). Thank you, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Yes, you are a very good girl. I—I—I would like to tell you something.

BESS. You, too, Mrs. Snowden?

ELIZABETH. Why *two?* I am only one.

BESS. I—I—I meant—you—really *you*—Mrs. Snowden.

ELIZABETH. Yes. (*goes nervously to R. D., looks out.*) Sit down, Bess.

BESS (*sits sofa, wonderingly*). Yes, ma'am.

ELIZABETH (*returning*). I—I—I—don't want the girls to know anything about this—

BESS. No, ma'am.

ELIZABETH (*sits sofa*). Bess, I—I—I expect some young men to call on me this evening—on business, you under-

stand—(BESS *nods*)—strictly on business. I—I—I think it is much better that the girls should not know anything about it. I—I—(*rises*)—I think I hear one of them coming. (BESS *rises.* ELIZABETH *takes her by the arm.*) I am trusting you, Bess. Come with me to my own room and I'll tell you more about it. (*Leads her R., then turns around and goes L.*) No, I am sure I hear somebody coming. We'll go up the hall stair. (*They exeunt L., confidentially.*)

MARGARET *enters R., with letter.*

MARGARET (*calls softly and cautiously*). Bess! Bess! Dear me! Isn't she here? I'll just send this note to Reginald right away. I must explain why I didn't manage to meet him before mamma got hold of him. Dear me! What if Kitty had known anything about it, or even mistrusted? Bess! Bess! Where can she be? (*Exits R., calling off R.*) Bess! Bess!

Enter KITTY, *L.*

KITTY (*cautiously*). Oh, Bess! I wish you—(*looks all around.*) Why, where has she gone? (*Calls softly.*) Bess! Bess! Oh, goodness! Where is that girl, anyway? I just must have her. I want to get this note to Harry right straight off, so he will know why I had to let him go without seeing him. Poor, dear boy. I do hope he wasn't hurt. (*Exits C., calling softly.*) Bess! Bess! Where are you, Bess?

After pause, enter BESS, *L., with two notes.*

BESS. Now, where can the young ladies be? Those young fellows have each sent a note—and both addressed to *Mrs.* Snowden. Of course they meant *Miss* Snowden, and I'll have to be careful that I get the right note to the right Miss—the piano tuner to Miss Kitty—the book agent to Miss Margaret. (*Sighs.*) Not much chance for a mistake, though. I'd know Harry's handwriting anywhere, and he's supposed to be the piano tuner. Dear Harry. Once I thought he cared for me. I really did. What fools girls are! And I'd have surely married him, too, if I hadn't so suddenly lost all the money I thought I had. But, losing

the money, of course, I lost Harry, too. It wasn't his fault. He said he had been looking for me, and—well, maybe he had. It's nice to think it might have been. But—it's Miss Kitty he's looking for now; there's no dodging that. I'll—I'll—

Enter KITTY, *R.*

BESS. Here, Miss Kitty, is a note that came for you.

KITTY (*eagerly*). A note? For me? Oh, do let me have it, quick! (*Takes it excitedly, while* BESS *holds the other one behind her back.*) Why, it says *Mrs.* Snowden, Bess.

BESS (*at R.*). I suppose he wrote it in a hurry, Miss Kitty. (*Exits R.*)

Enter ELIZABETH, *L., stands just inside entrance.*

KITTY (*tears open note, reading eagerly, facing R.*). "Fair lady, I must see you again tonight." Oh, the dear boy! "I did not know before how much my little call this morning was going to mean to me." Oh, how sweet! "It's a life and death matter now—you little know how serious." Can he mean all that? Sounds rather strong, seems to me. "I cannot write it. It would take too long, and I haven't words to express it." How romantic! "I must see you. Don't deny me."

ELIZABETH (*advancing*). Kitty, what does this mean?

KITTY (*hiding note behind her in alarm*). It means I—I—why, it doesn't mean anything at all.

ELIZABETH (*sternly*). From whom was that letter?

KITTY. Why, from—from—nobody at all.

ELIZABETH. Kitty!

KITTY. I mean, from—from—a friend.

ELIZABETH (*sarcastically*). Sounded like it. Let me see it.

KITTY (*backing away*). Why, I—I—it isn't mine.

ELIZABETH (*insisting*). Let me see it!

KITTY (*exasperated, tears note into small pieces*). Yes, —I'll—let—you—see—it,—since—you—compel—me,—but just—the—smallest—smallest—bits! (*Puts the scraps in* ELIZABETH'S *hand, defiantly.*)

ELIZABETH. Kitty, I must insist upon an explanation—(KITTY *hangs head sullenly*)—at once. Come with me and tell me just all there is to know about this miserable letter. (*Takes* KITTY *by arm and leads her forcibly out L.,* KITTY *hanging back stubbornly.*)

Enter MARGARET, *R.*

MARGARET (*with note*). This note says *Mrs.* Snowden, but Bess says she knows it's meant for me. Reginald left it, she says, with his own dear hands. (*Reads.*) "Adorable creature, heaven has opened its pearly gates to me, since I gazed into your celestial orbs!" How poetic! "You have, as it were, in the twinkling of an hour, become the glory and splendor of my existence."

Enter ELIZABETH, *L.*

ELIZABETH. Margaret, what is that?

MARGARET. A—a—a poem.

ELIZABETH. Where did you get it?

MARGARET. I—I—I copied it out of a magazine.

ELIZABETH (*holding out hand*). Let me see—

MARGARET. Why, it—isn't all here, mamma.

ELIZABETH (*sternly*). Let me see!

MARGARET (*nervously crumpling up letter in hand*). It really doesn't amount to anything. Not worth reading, mamma. Don't bother about the thing. I'll put it in the fire. (*Exits R., hastily.*)

ELIZABETH. What does all this mean? Have both my girls a lover unknown to me? Surely, that could not be! (*Paces floor.*) It must not be! It shall not be! I, who have suffered so much through the matrimonial experience I have had, only knowing such a few brief years of freedom, shunning all things masculine, until—until—today—cannot see my precious girls headed for the same disastrous pathway—cannot stand by and watch—

Enter KITTY, *L., weeping. Enter* MARGARET, *R., weeping.*

ELIZABETH. Girls, come here. (ELIZABETH *holds out arms. Girls both run to her. She throws an arm around*

each and they sob on her shoulders.) Oh, my dear, darling daughters! What is this that has come to you both, when I have tried for so long to guard and protect you from the fate I have had to endure? (*Girls instantly straighten up and face each other in amazemeent.* ELIZABETH *backs to C.*)

KITTY (*at L., shaking finger at* MARGARET). You?

MARGARET (*at R., shaking head emphatically*). No! (*Shakes finger at* KITTY.) You?

KITTY (*shaking head emphatically*). No!

MARGARET and KITTY (*together*). What *can* she mean? (*Both turn and look inquiringly at* ELIZABETH, *who holds out a hand to each, appealingly, they looking at her in mute inquiry, and then, puzzled, at each other. Hold poses for—*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *Same as Act I. Stage not fully lighted.*

KITTY *discovered alone, pacing floor.*

KITTY. Dear me! Dear me! And dear Harry! (*Looks around slily, as though afraid of being overheard.*) Whatever shall I do? I *told* him I'd see him when he called, and I certainly *thought* I'd see him. Goodness knows I wanted to see him badly enough. But (*shakes head and sighs*) it simply didn't happen that way. It wasn't to be, somehow, so it just didn't be—and that's all there is to it. He saw mamma first, and there's never any danger of her letting me see a man—a dreadful, horrid man—either in this world or the next. What pains she took to drive me out of the room. The Widow "assisted" all right, and held the trump card—as usual. (*Giggles.*) It isn't funny, but the other fellow might get a laugh out of it. He said in his note that he'd call tonight, and I just must manage to see him some way. It must be time for him now. Wonder how I look. Mamma used to keep a mirror and powder puff somewhere in this desk—for emergencies like this. (*Searches desk.*) Where

are they? Here's her eyebrow pencil and the rouge pot, but I don't find any mirror. How'll I get it on? Oh goodness! I hear somebody coming. I'll bet he's here now. (*Daubs rouge on eyebrows and rubs lips black with pencil, closes desk and turns quickly to L.*)

Enter MARGARET, *L.* KITTY *shrinks back.*

KITTY. Margaret! You?

MARGARET. For goodness sake! Kitty Snowden! Whatever is the matter with you? And what have you been doing to yourself?

KITTY (*innocently*). Why—er—er—nothing. Why?

MARGARET. You look like a wild Indian!

KITTY (*horrified*). Like a—what? (*Aside.*) I wonder if she mistrusts something about Harry?

MARGARET. Any sort of a barbarian. What have you been into?

KITTY (*mystified*). Why, I thought I looked rather nice.

MARGARET. Nice! Horrors! Queer taste for beauty. Look at that. (*Opens chatelaine vanity box and holds it before* KITTY'S *face.* KITTY *shrieks and covers face with hands.*) Better go and wash your face, I think, before mamma begins to ask questions. (*Walks desk.*)

KITTY (*frightened*). Yes, yes! I will. (*Goes R. D., speaks over shoulder, worried voice.*) Are you going to be in the room long?

MARGARET (*turning from desk in surprise*). Why, I don't know. Why?

KITTY (*nervously*). Oh—oh—nothing. (*Exits R.*)

MARGARET. How peculiar everybody acts today. I wonder if they suspect anything. They just watch me, and watch me, and watch me! Wonder if they notice anything —er—out—of—the—usual about me. If that Bess should dare reveal what she knows—heavens! What would mamma and Kitty do to me? Maybe what *wouldn't* they do would be more to the point. (*Sits desk.*) I must write another note and get it off to Reginald before time for him to call. (*Searches for paper, pen, ink, etc.*) I don't know what to say to him, but I must say something. Let me see.

(*Writes.*) "My poor, dear Reginald"—sounds a trifle too familiar, perhaps, when I never met him until last evening, but—what's time, anyway? I'm sure I've lived centuries since then, and have known him through a hundred lives—every thought of his mind, every hope of his heart. I'll let it stand and—just a line under the "poor" and two lines under the "dear"—that will be more expressive of what I really feel. Now, what next? "I was so sorry—"

Enter ELIZABETH, *R.*

ELIZABETH (*looking at watch*). It's almost time—why, Margaret! (MARGARET *springs up, tearing paper into bits.*) What were you doing at my desk?

MARGARET. Writing!

ELIZABETH. Writing what?

MARGARET. Why—er—why, you see, mamma—

ELIZABETH. Well?

MARGARET. You see—

ELIZABETH. No, I do not see. Show me.

MARGARET. I was just making out the list for my new spring clothes.

ELIZABETH. Clothes? (MARGARET *nods.*) A little early in the season, perhaps? (MARGARET *hangs head*). Are you sure that you were doing that? (*Looks at* MARGARET *fixedly.*)

MARGARET (*hesitating*). Well—maybe—not real sure.

ELIZABETH. You were answering that mysterious correspondent who sent that note—that *poem,* I believe you called it—this morning, were you not? (*No reply.* MARGARET *hangs head.*) Answer me!

MARGARET (*meekly*). Yes, mamma.

ELIZABETH. And Kitty?

MARGARET (*quickly*). Kitty? What does she know about it?

ELIZABETH. Nothing of your affairs, perhaps, but a great deal more than she owns up of her own. I certainly would like to know what you girls have been planning and carrying out here under my very nose, while pretending to know nothing at all of men. Who is this man?

MARGARET. I—I—don't know.

ELIZABETH (*horrified*). Don't know? (MARGARET *shakes head.*) This is worse than I feared. (*Paces floor.*) What is his name?

MARGARET. I—I—don't know. Just—just Reginald, he said.

ELIZABFTH (*in horror*). Don't know his *name?*

MARGARET (*shaking head guiltily*). But, mamma, really, you mustn't blame Kitty, for she doesn't know a single thing about it. It is all me. (*Drops head humbly.*)

ELIZABETH (*coldly*). Kitty must speak for herself.

MARGARET. Oh, mamma, don't let her know! Please don't tell her. She is so bitter against the men. She has taken your teaching better than I. Don't turn her against me by letting her know of this.

ELIZABETH (*with dignity*). I will use my own judgment as to what I shall say or shall not say. Send Kitty to me.

MARGARET (*meekly*). Yes, mamma. (*Exits R.*)

ELIZABETH (*pacing floor*).

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"

That poet knew his world and its people and their lives, if ever anybody did. What would either of the girls say if they knew that I—their mother—was expecting callers—and men callers, too—this very evening! They would never forgive me. (*Sits.*) Oh, I sometimes wish I had never come into all this money, and did not have to live such a secluded life in order to keep myself and my daughters out of the clutches of fortune hunters. If that man's daughter had not so mysteriously disappeared, I would certainly have insisted upon her keeping half of the fortune, even if it did legally belong to me. It was not right that she, in her youth and innocence, should be left to pay all the penalty of her father's guilt—or mistakes. But it's ours—we have it—and we must—keep away from the men.

Enter KITTY, *R.*

KITTY. Margaret says you want me, mamma.

ELIZABETH. I do. I want an explanation of that note you were reading this morning.

KITTY (*feigning innocence*). What note?

ELIZABETH (*sternly*). Kitty!

KITTY. Why, mamma, couldn't you tell it was just a joke?

ELIZABETH. I haven't seen the joke yet. Tell me whom it was from.

KITTY. I—I—I don't know, mamma.

ELIZABETH (*springs up in dismay*). Don't know. You, too? What was his name?

KITTY. Why—why—I forget.

ELIZABETH. Forget?

KITTY. Just Harry, he said.

ELIZABETH. Kitty, I am ashamed of you.

KITTY (*meekly*). Yes, mamma.

ELIZABETH. And Margaret, too.

KITTY (*in alarm*). Oh, mamma! You mustn't let Margaret know. Please say you won't. I just couldn't stand that. She hates the men so, and she would think it so horrible. Please say you won't tell her.

ELIZABETH (*aside*). I declare. I cannot understand this case at all.

Enter BESS, *R., to turn on lights. Starts to go out.*

ELIZABETH. One moment, Bess. (BESS *turns.*) What do you know about this affair?

BESS. What affair?

ELIZABETH. You may go, Kitty. (KITTY *starts out R. At entrance looks back and shakes head at* BESS, *holding up finger warningly.* BESS *looks troubled.*) This morning two notes were delivered to my daughters, written by two different young men. Did you hand them in?

BESS. Yes, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Where did they come from?

BESS. From—from—why, from two different young men.

ELIZABETH. Yes, but—

BESS. All I know is, they were both addressed to Mrs. Snowden.

ELIZABETH (*astonished*). To *Mrs.* Snowden?

BESS. Yes, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Why, that means to *me!*

BESS. Yes, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. Then why—

BESS. They said to give them to the *young* lady, ma'am.

ELIZABETH (*embarrassed*). But they meant—oh, I see it all now! (*Aside.*) It is I who am the guilty one, and my girls have both been perfectly innocent. No wonder they did not even know the men's names. Poor girls! (*Aloud, turning to* BESS *again.*) I am sorry you made such a blunder, Bess, after my telling you so explicitly this morning just what and whom I was expecting. You have committed a very serious mistake, but I will try to straighten it out if I can. (*Exits L.*)

BESS. I have "committed a serious mistake," have I? Well, maybe I have. Maybe I have. Somebody surely has. "Blunder" is right. I must be very careful at any rate that I don't make any more. (*Bell rings L.*) There's somebody now. (*Exits L.*)

Immediately re-enter BESS, *L., followed by* REGINALD.

BESS. Right in this way, please. Excuse me, sir, but if you please (*looks all around, cautiously, then speaks in loud whisper*), are you the book agent?

REGINALD. Guilty.

BESS. I won't make any mistake, then. I'll get your lady. (*Exits R., repeating in monotone*:) Piano tuner, Kitty; book agent, Margaret; piano tuner, Kitty; book agent, Margaret.

REGINALD (*rubbing hands together in ecstatic anticipation*). To think, in just a few moments, I shall see that wonderful woman again! I have counted the very seconds since I went away from her this morning. How strange that she could possibly be the mother of that girl I met at the library. Deuced glad I didn't get in too deep with the silly little fool. If a fellow could only take a peep at the

Widow every time before he bid, he'd be able to play his hand so as to take in the whole ten tricks. Blessed if he wouldn't. What strange methods old Fate does employ to work mischief with a fellow's heart. (*Listens.*) Ah, here she comes.

Enter MARGARET, *R. He rushes to meet her, then steps back in disappointment.*

REGINALD. You?

MARGARET. Yes—at last! (*Holds out hands to him, but he backs away. She drops them in confusion.*) Mamma didn't see you this time, did she? (*He shakes head disconsolately.*) I was so disappointed this morning.

REGINALD (*inquiringly, wondering how to escape.*) Yes?

MARGARET. Yes, indeed. I didn't know what you would think of me. You weren't angry with me, were you? Please say no.

REGINALD. Why, of course not. Why should I be? On the contrary, I was—

MARGARET (*uneasily, interrupting*). But listen! I must explain before somebody comes in. I did my best to keep my word, really I did; but you see, it's just as I told you. Mamma does hate men so that she just won't let them in the house, and forbids our even speaking to them when we meet them—

REGINALD (*perplexed*). Strange!

MARGARET. Isn't it? It's doubly hard on me, too, because my sister Kitty is just as bad as mamma, and would be just as severe with me if she found out about—about—you. (*Looks around cautiously.*) I got your note.

REGINALD (*surprised*). You — got — my — note? (*She nods, finger on lip.*) Why, I—I—didn't—

MARGARET (*listening off R.*). 'Sh! I'm afraid I hear somebody coming. You—you—

REGINALD. I'll go. I'll—I'll—I'll call some other time.

MARGARET (*excitedly*). Do! I must hurry out. Don't let mamma see you. (*Exits R.*)

REGINALD. "Don't let mamma see me," eh? Little she guesses that that is just the one and only thing I'm here for.

And I'm not going to leave until I manage it, either. (*Bell rings L.*) I'll hide out here and watch for "some more convenient season." (*Slips out C.*)

Enter BESS, *L., followed by* HARRY.

BESS (*coldly*). I'll not make any mistake this time. Let me see, now. You are supposed to be the piano tuner, aren't you, Harry?

HARRY. I don't know what I'm supposed to be, Bess. I'll be anybody or anything that will let me inside the door if you'll just give me a chance for a word or two with you. What will you—

BESS (*severely*). Harry Deane, did you, or did you not, come here as a piano tuner?

HARRY. Why, Bess, of course—you know I did. But wait a moment—I want to talk—(*catches her arm*).

BESS. Talk all you like, but not to me. Let me go—at once! What can you possibly have to say to Bess—Jones—the maid. (*He releases her and turns head away, bitterly.*) If you are sure you are impersonating the piano tuner, that's all I want to know. I don't want any more blunders laid at my door. (*Starts R. At entrance speaks over shoulder.*) Be seated a minute, sir! (*With cutting emphasis on the "sir." Exit.*)

HARRY. "Sir!" Humph! I hope it won't be more than a minute, for I am just dying for a sight of my matronly charmer again. To think of her being that foolish little girl's man-hating mamma! It's some joke, all right. Anyway, I'm going to work a stand-in with her and keep her jollied up till Bess thaws out a little and I get a chance to really have it out with her. Dear old Bess! She used to care a little about me, I'm sure she did, and just what happened to—

Enter KITTY, *R. He goes to meet her eagerly, recoils in disappointment.*

HARRY. You?

KITTY. Yes, really and truly—my own very self. I did try every way I could think of to see you this morning,

but—(*shakes head and sighs*). I told you how mamma was. She simply can't endure men.

HARRY (*twisting hat uneasily*). I see.

KITTY. Didn't you notice she wouldn't even introduce me? And I've a sister Margaret who's just as bad as she. I can tell you it's a hard life I live between the two of them.

HARRY (*looking around for escape*). It must be.

KITTY (*confidentially*). But your note came safely.

HARRY (*startled*). My note! To you?

KITTY. Certainly. So I was expecting you, you see.

HARRY (*mystified*). Yes?

KITTY. It was a perfectly darling note.

HARRY. Was it? (*Aside.*) Now what in the dickens did I say in that note?

KITTY (*coquettishly*). As if you didn't remember what a dear little message it was.

HARRY. So, it went to—you!

KITTY. Straight as a die. Our maid's simply an angel.

HARRY. "Angel" is right! Where did you find her?

KITTY. Why, she—just came to us. Answered an ad., I guess. Why?

HARRY. Oh, nothing! Nothing at all! I just imagined she looked a little bit familiar; that's all.

KITTY. Oh, no. She never gets familiar. She knows her place all right, and I assure you she can be trusted—

HARRY. I am convinced of that. (*Aside, looking around uneasily.*) Plague take the girl! She's a regular leech. How in the dickens can I tear loose?

MARGARET (*off R., calls*). Kitty!

KITTY (*startled*). Heavens and earth! That's my sister. I must hurry away at once. Slip out as quietly as you can, so mamma won't see you. She'd never forgive me if she did. (*Shakes finger at him.*) Be careful. (*At entrance turns and waves hand in farewell, exits R.*)

HARRY (*wipes forehead with handkerchief*). Whew! Now, how to get a chance to "*let* mamma see me." That's the question. If Bess would only—

Enter REGINALD, *C.*

HARRY. Beg pardon, sir, but who are you?

REGINALD. And what's that to you?

HARRY. Oh, nothing in particular. Only, as I happen to be an especial friend of Mrs. Snowden's—

REGINALD (*looking him over scornfully from head to foot*). You?

HARRY (*boastfully, straightening up for inspection*). I!

REGINALD (*haughtily*). You surprise me. I have never once heard the lady in question even mention having such a person as you upon her list of acquaintances.

HARRY. You cannot be very intimately acquainted with her, then.

REGINALD. Pardon me, sir, but I am—very intimately. I have—

HARRY (*interrupting*). I cannot believe—

REGINALD (*interrupting*). You dare to doubt—

HARRY (*interrupting*). I won't—

REGINALD (*interrupting*). You shall never—

MARGARET (*off R., speaks. At sound of her voice both young men start and listen, still facing each other belligerently, like angry dogs*). The long and the short of the whole matter, Kitty, is that I am ashamed of you and I shall certainly feel it my duty to inform mamma at the very first opportunity of your disobedient conduct.

Enter KITTY, *R., followed by* MARGARET.

KITTY. And what good do you think that will do you? If I should tell—why, Harry! (*Crosses to him, R. C.*)

MARGARET. Reginald! (*Crosses to him, L. C.*) What does this mean?

REGINALD (*sullenly*). Nothing.

KITTY. Harry, speak!

HARRY (*sulkily*). I have nothing at all to say.

MARGARET. Kitty, who is that man?

KITTY. Margaret, who is that man?

MARGARET. He is of age. Ask him.

KITTY. Good plan. Suppose *you* try it.

MARGARET (*to* HARRY). Sir, I think an explanation is in order.

KITTY (*to* REGINALD). Sir, I also think an explanation is in order.

Enter ELIZABETH, *C., holds up hands in horror.*

ELIZABETH. What does this mean? (*Consternation. Girls hang heads. Men start toward her eagerly.*)

REGINALD *and* HARRY (*together*). Mrs. Snowden! (*She holds out hand to each.*)

MARGARET and KITTY (*together, in horror.*) Mamma!

ELIZABETH. Girls, you had better go to your rooms. I must come to an understanding with these two gentlemen.

MARGARET. But, mamma, I—

KITTY. And, mamma, you—

ELIZABETH. Did you hear what I said, girls?

KITTY. Yes, mamma, but—

HARRY (*to* REGINALD). Sir, I would advise you, also, to leave the house. I can make every necessary explanation to *my friend,* Mrs. Snowden.

REGINALD. Young fellow, it is you who should consider yourself in the light of an intruder. I am—

HARRY (*advancing on him, angrily*). Do you wish me to—

Enter BESS, *C. Steps between them.*

BESS. Oh, Harry, don't! (*All stare at her.*)

ELIZABETH (*astonished*). "Harry!" (*Goes to* BESS *and lays hand on shoulder*). Did I hear you call this young gentleman "Harry?"

BESS. I—I—I am afraid so, ma'am.

ELIZABETH. What does it mean?

BESS (*hesitating*). He is my cousin.

ALL. Cousin!

HARRY (*stepping forward*). Yes, Mrs. Snowden—young ladies—and—and—(*glaring at* REGINALD)—intruding male person! I am her cousin. I came here to—to—to—(KITTY *coughs warningly*)—to tune this piano, and I was surprised to be admitted into the house by the girl I have been searching for for months. (BESS *tries to escape. He holds her. She hangs head.*) When her father, John Clifford Warner, died—

ELIZABETH (*aghast*). John Clifford Warner!

HARRY. Yes, Mrs. Snowden, that was his name. It was found that he had defrauded those whose funds he had been handling of considerable wealth. Not altogether of intention, you understand, but through injudicious investment and too rash methods of speculation. One widow, especially, became entitled to a large fortune out of which he had kept her husband for several years. In settling this estate, my little cousin was left penniless, and being of a quite too independent nature, set out to make her own way in the world. So completely did she disappear from our sight that we have searched for her in vain for many months. This morning I found her, but she forbade my making her identity known to you, and in no uncertain terms prohibited my revealing her whereabouts and whatabouts to a family which is anxious to provide for her in every possible way. (BESS *again attempts to escape, but* ELIZABETH *catches her.*)

ELIZABETH. I, too, have something to say to you before you go. I, too, have been searching for you for many months, never dreaming you were in my own home all the time. John Clifford Warner was my husband's cousin, and I was the widow to whom the fortune by legal right reverted. But I have in my possession papers that were never recorded and letters—private, of course, but unmistakable in tenor—entitling this lost daughter of Mr. Warner's to a full half of all the property in my keeping; and I hail with joy this opportunity of making full and free restitution. I am glad, indeed, that our long-sought-for little cousin has come to light in our own household. (*Kisses* BESS *on brow.*) Girls, your cousin. (*Leads her to* MARGARET, *who likewise kisses her, then to* KITTY, *who embraces her enthusiastically.*)

KITTY. You darling thing! (BESS *again attempts to escape.* HARRY *detains her.*)

HARRY. Not yet, Bess. I have something more to say. Before your father died, he had promised you to me for my wife. When you ran away you nearly broke my heart. I lost a cousin and a wife at once. Now I shall claim every

one of my rights. I have found my cousin. Have I not also found my wife?

BESS (*bashfully*). If—if—

HARRY. If what?

BESS (*mischievously*). If Miss Kitty doesn't object.

HARRY (*surprised*). Miss Kitty? But why? (HARRY *looks from one to the other.* KITTY *looks at him a moment in surprise, then goes to* ELIZABETH *and rests her head on her shoulder.* ELIZABETH *soothes her.*)

BESS. And if—if—

HARRY. Spring it!

BESS. And if you're sure it's still just me you want. (*Looks at* KITTY *with puzzled air.*)

HARRY. Oh, I'm perfectly sure of that. (*Looks innocently around group.*) Why, did you ever know me to even *look* at anybody else?

BESS (*uncertainly*). Maybe not; maybe not. (REGINALD *snorts.*)

HARRY. Humph! Should say not!

REGINALD (*stepping forward after having been covertly admiring* ELIZABETH *throughout previous conversation, following her every move and listening eagerly to every word*). This seems to be—er—a nice little family arrangement, but before we break up this—er—delightful little gathering, I would like to put in a little word for myself. May I? (MARGARET *drops head, embarrassed.*)

ELIZABETH. I—I—guess so. (KITTY *goes and stands by* MARGARET. HARRY *and* BESS *talk together in whispers.*)

REGINALD. I am a comparative stranger to you all, but I am one of the Philadelphia Wrights, you know, and as such, Mrs. Snowden, I feel that my family pedigree is quite beyond all question.

ELIZABETH (*bowing*). It is, indeed.

MARGARET (*smiling hopefully*). Of course.

REGINALD. Personally, as you already know, I am a poet —a man of lofty inspiration and the highest ideals.

ELIZABETH (*bowing*). I believe it.

MARGARET (*more emphatically still*). Certainly.

REGINALD. As for my personal appearance (*primping vainly*) I don't want to appear unduly self-appreciative, but —I guess my manly beauty will speak for itself.

HARRY. Ahem!

ELIZABETH. Unapproachable.

MARGARET. Perfectly charming.

KITTY. Quite too perfectly lovely.

BESS. Humph! (*Clasps* HARRY'S *arm, looking up at him appreciatively.*)

REGINALD (*bowing thanks to* ELIZABETH). Deeply grateful, I assure you. I understand that you have a serious dislike for men, Mrs. Snowden; but it shall be my greatest delight, if you will permit me, to wipe from your mind every previous unfavorable impression.

ELIZABETH (*bowing*). That is commendable in you.

MARGARET (*nodding approvingly*). Very.

REGINALD (*bowing to girls*). I will also try to overcome the prejudices of both your charming daughters.

ELIZABETH. How kind.

KITTY. So nice of him.

MARGARET (*dubiously*). Y-e-s. But why *both?*

REGINALD. All that I ask is that you will no longer remember that I am so nearly a stranger, but that you will permit me to lay my heart, my hand, my honored name, and all my worldly goods at your fair feet. (*Kneels on one knee at* ELIZABETH'S *feet.*)

KITTY (*astonished*). What?

MARGARET (*screaming in dismay*). Mamma's?

ELIZABETH. I don't know what to say.

REGINALD (*rising, grasping her hand*). Surely, you won't have the heart to say "No!"

ELIZABETH. I—I—I—don't want to. But my girls—(*looks at them hesitatingly*).

REGINALD (*with hand on heart*). You are younger and fairer than either.

ELIZABETH (*coyly*). Can you mean it?

REGINALD. I do! I swear!

KITTY (*horrified*). Swear?

MARGARET (*with hands over ears, protestingly*). O don't!

REGINALD (*turns to girls*). Girls, won't you give your mother to me? I'll be a good father to you.

MARGARET and KITTY (*together, as if by rote.*) Mamma doesn't like men.

REGINALD. And I don't want her to, either. Just the one man—me!

KITTY. Will you let me have men friends?

MARGARET (*in feigned horror*). Why, Kitty Snowden!

REGINALD. Certainly.

ELIZABETH (*hesitatingly*). If they won't come too early, nor stay too late, smoke, chew, drink or swear.

KITTY. No sports need apply.

MARGARET (*humbly*). And may I, too?

KITTY (*mischievously*). Why, Margaret Snowden!

REGINALD. As many as you like.

ELIZABETH (*hastily*). On the same conditions, of course.

MARGARET. Only angels eligible.

KITTY. Exactly.

MARGARET (*holding out both hands to* REGINALD). Then take her, my friend, and be as happy as you can.

KITTY (*raising hands as in benediction*). And God bless you, my parents.

ELIZABETH (*shocked*). Girls! Girls!

MARGARET (*shaking head gravely*). It never could happen again.

KITTY. We'll be good. We'll be good.

HARRY (*to* BESS). As usual, the winning suit was in the Widow's hand.

REGINALD (*giving arm to* ELIZABETH). Come, my dear.

HARRY (*giving arm to* BESS). And come, my dear. (*Both couples march out R.*)

MARGARET (*watching them*). So that is the end of it all!

KITTY (*giggling*). More like a beginning, Margaret, don't you think? Orange blossoms, Lohengrin, oodles of silver spoons, rice, old shoes, you know, and all that sort of thing.

MARGARET (*thoughtfully*). I always did think Reginald was too poky and stiff and conceited.

KITTY. And I always did think Harry was altogether too fresh.

MARGARET. Then we'll "live happy ever after," eh?

KITTY (*giving arm to* MARGARET *with low bow, imitating the men*). So—come, my dear. (MARGARET *accepts with low bow and they start R. in time for—*)

CURTAIN.

The Deacon Entangled

By HARRY OSBORNE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy in 3 acts; 6 males, 4 females. Time, 2 hours. **Scene:** 1 interior. **Characters:** Deacon Penrose, a member in good standing. Calvin, his nephew. Rev. Sopher, a supporter of foreign missions Harry Baxter, a sporting writer. Rafferty, a policeman. A Plain Clothes Man. Mrs. Penrose. Ruth, her daughter. Georgie, Rev. Sopher's daughter. Katy, a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—In which the Deacon finds himself in a tight corner. Dr. Sopher, who can coax money out of a wooden Indian. A thousand dollars for the new pipe organ. Cal arrives. A clean-up-clouter instead of a ministerial prospect. "Did I forget my necktie and button my collar in the back?" The Deacon spends a night out. "We won't go home until morning."

Act II.—The raid on the gambling joint. "Why didn't you jump when I told you." On bail. "A thousand dollars to the Doc or you lose your job as Deacon; a thousand to the judge or six months." A sporting chance. Ready for the game. A donation to Foreign Missions and a double barreled courtship. The elopement. The arrest. "Come on Cal, I'll see you through."

Act III.—The big game. Tied in the Tenth. Cal goes to the box. A Pinch Hitter. "Over the scoreboard." On the Deacon's trail—the Horse pistol—pay the fine or go to jail. A hair line finish. "Hold on, Copper." "Here's your thousand and here's your girl. Look happy and have your picture taken." A new son-in-law. "Bother Boarding School." The Deacon smiles.

A Trial of Hearts

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

College comedy in 4 acts; 6 males, 18 females. Time, 2¼ hours. **Scenes:** 3 interiors, 1 exterior. **Characters:** Dudley Van Antwerp, a wealthy college man. Philip, his best friend. Roger, Teddy, Jack and Jerry, fraternity men. Mrs. Van Antwerp, of great importance. Honor, Dudley's wife. Fourteen lively sorority girls. A chaperone and a maid.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Gretchen and Jerry play Romeo and Juliet. Ted pleads the cause of Kappa Psi. Jack argues for Delta Chi. Dudley introduces Honor to his mother. Virginia learns of Dudley's marriage. "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"

Act II.—The football enthusiasts bring news of Barbara. Gretchen and Jerry study Latin and argue fraternity. Honor finds it all a little strange. Dudley tells Virginia his love story. "Oh, Dudley, you hurt me!" "There's nothing left for me but to go away!"

Act III.—"I wonder if people ever get too busy to care!" Mrs. Van Antwerp opens fire and Honor stands her ground. "I mean to stay!" "I wish I had no heart—it aches so!" "Dear little girl, it is good-bye." Honor hears Dudley declare his love for Virginia. "Oh, Dad-Dad—your little girl is coming home!"

Act IV.—Gretchen and Jerry "grow up." The Seniors toast the past, the present and the future. Mrs. Van Antwerp reproaches herself. "Here comes the bride." The Kappa Psis and the Delta Chi holds reunions. "Honor, is it really you?" "If you want me, I am here."

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers
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The Thread of Destiny

By LINDSEY BARBEE.

Price, 25 Cents

Comedy-drama of the Civil War in 3 acts; 9 males, 16 females. Time, 2½ hours. **Scenes:** 1 interior, 2 exteriors. **Characters:** Peyton Bailey, of the U. S. army. Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout. Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school. Tom Randolph, a Southern gallant. John Morton, of the North. Ralph, who did not go to war. George and Uncle Billy, slaves. A Union Scout. Virginia, the toast of the country. Betty, the "Little Colonel." Edith, a northern cousin. Louise, a spy.. Eight charming southern girls. Mrs. Montgomery. Miss Melissy, of inquisitive nature. Fanny and Mammy, slaves.

SYNOPSIS.

Act I.—Betty breaks a looking glass. Edith calms her fears and tells her "the signs of the times." "Virginia has seceded." Beverly enlists. "A Virginia woman does not even recognize an acquaintance among the enemies of Virginia."

Act II.—"I don' wan' no tarnished silber linin' to my cloud." "There are some things more precious than money, than jewels." "Death cannot conquer love—nor eternity." "Some day there will be no North, no South, but the Union." The Union scout falls a prey to Edith's fascinations and her cleverness wins the coveted dispatch. Virginia opens the door—to Peyton. Beverly is discovered. Friendship proves stronger than duty.

Act III.—Three years work a great change. Peyton pleads in vain. George and Fanny "take de road to de lan' of happiness." "In our little circle the stars and bars are floating high." Virginia gives Peyton another rose and together they trace against the background of blue and gray "the golden thread of destiny."

Shadows

By MARY MONCURE PARKER.

Price, 15 Cents

Play of the South today and a dream of the past in 1 act; an interior scene; 3 males, 4 females. Time, 35 minutes. **Characters: Prologue and the Awakening:** Robert Ashton, Virginia's sweetheart. Aunt Geranium, an old colored mammy. Virginia Lee, a southern maid. **The Dream:** Gordon Sanford, a soldier in love with Alice. Harold Hale, the successful rival. Mrs. Horace Fairfax, a stern mother of long ago. Alice Fairfax, her dutiful daughter.

STORY OF THE PLAY.

Virginia Lee's mother insists upon her marriage with a rich suitor, who has agreed to restore their impoverished estate. Virginia has a sweetheart of her childhood days and hesitates in making a choice, but finally decides upon wealth instead of love. An old colored mammy, who has spent her life in the Lee household, understands the situation and tells Virginia of a similar episode in the life of Virginia's grandmother. Virginia in pondering over the incident and grieving over her own troubles, falls asleep. She dreams of the story just told and the dream folks appear and play their parts. Virginia awakens, the shadows flee and she comes to her senses and her lover.

The old colored mammy says: "Dis heah ole worl's jes' full of shadders. Fokes comes an' dey goes, ripens and drops like the fruit on de tree. Ole Mars is gone, old Mistis gone. De substance melts and fades away. Ain't nothing left but shadders."

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For Love and Honor, 20 min..	2	1
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Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min..	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min....	4	3
I'm Not Mesilf at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min..	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min...	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min...	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min...	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min....		8
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Jenkins' Brilliant Idea, 35m.		8
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 m.	3	2
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr....	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.		5
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.....	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min..	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min	6	4
Second Childhood, 15 min....	2	2
Shadows, 35 min	2	2
Sing a Song of Seniors, 30 min.		7
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min		3
That Rascal Pat, 30 min.....	3	2
Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Turn Him Out, 35 min.....	3	2
Two Aunts and a Photo, 20 m.		4
Two Gentlemen in a Fix, 15 m.	2	
Two Ghosts in White, 20 min..		8
Two of a Kind, 40 min.....	2	3
Uncle Dick's Mistake, 20 min..	3	2
Wanted a Correspondent, 45 m.	4	4
Wanted a Hero, 20 min.....	1	1
Wide Enough for Two, 45 min.	5	2
Wrong Baby, 25 min		8
Yankee Peddler, 1 hr.....	7	3

VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min....	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min	2	1
Colored Honeymoon, 25 min...	2	2
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coming Champion, 20 min....	2	
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.....	1	1
Darktown Fire Brigade, 25 min.	10	
Doings of a Dude, 20 min....	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.....	2	
For Reform, 20 min	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min..	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Good Mornin' Judge, 35 min..	9	2
Her Hero, 20 min	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min	1	
Home Run, 15 min	1	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.....	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min..	1	
Memphis Mose, 25 min.....	5	1
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min..	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min....	1	1
Oh, Doctor! 30 min	6	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.		2
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min..	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10m.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.....	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Sham Doctor, 10 min	4	2
Si and I, 15 min		1
Special Sale, 15 min	2	
Stage Struck Darky, 10 min..	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min..	1	
Time Table, 20 min	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min...	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min..	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min..	3	
Umbrella Mender, 15 min....	2	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min	5	2
What Happened to Hannah, 15m.	1	1

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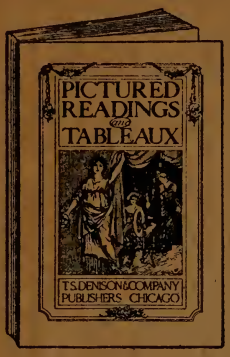

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